
Title: Contrasting Facets

Author: Ritchian Lantanian

I'm getting old. I lived through all the new ages of our world. I can recall when there was but one world, or facet as they call it today, and places like Papua had yet to be discovered. So, I think I can speak with some authority about the current state of the world. From my home, Dragon Hall, next to the swamp north of Trinsic, I've seen much. My neighborhood has never been an easy one to live in. There were always murderous thugs about and the constant incursion of swamp dwelling lizard men is an ordinary occurrence. But ever since the great split between the two facets, my home facet has deteriorated. There are a couple of places that have remained somewhat populated. Thugs constantly fight with one another outside the Yew moongate and warriors of the factons appear in mass once in a while. But over all, the towns are abandoned of all but those shopkeepers and town residents who are tethered to their homes. Worse, many of the old frontier communities that have stood as shining lights in the wilderness have vanished or become more abandoned than the cities

themselves. Even the Atlantic Mage's Tower has been demolished, leaving a single, eternally open moongate as proof that it once did exist.

The migration to Trammel was not unexpected. If nothing else, people look for safety and security. They have no wish to deal with murderers and thieves.

But Felucca is a wasteland. A facet studded with crumbling buildings standing like tombstones to what it once was. It is hard to look at the lifeless landscape and not ask, "How did we let it slip into such a state? How could we abandon our homes, our ancestral lands, a place many of us had been born and raised."

How could we abandon that once great land so eagerly and without so much as a fight?"

I'm loathe to say that even I, who once despised the thought of Trammel and the illusion of safety it provides, have been forced to spend much of my time of late in

Trammel or one of the new lands that fall under the same protections and security that Trammel does. Mind you, it is not by choice, but by necessity that I do so.

One can hardly find anything to buy in the old world any more.

Merchants, by their very nature, must follow their customers. And they have moved to Trammel.

I hold no illusion about the "good old days."

The sense of nostalgia I feel does not blind me to the problems the old world faced during its

golden age.

All I ask is that we do
not give up completely on
the old world. That we
find a way to rebuild it.
Revive it. Repopulate it.

It deserves more than
our indifference. Hidden
in the most dangerous
corners of it are many
unique and fantastic
sights which are slowly
being lost and forgotten
by all but those who can
remember the time when
they were thriving.

I thank you, dear reader,
for listening to this old
man's rantings. While I
harbor no illusions as to
my ability to sway you in
your opinions of Felucca, I
do hope that you consider
what I say. If if you
are so moved, visit the
old points of interest
found across Felucca.

While I very much doubt
their revival is possible,
it would give me some
solice if but a single
reader of this tome went
out to see what there is.

What existed in the
dangerous world many of
once and still call home
must be remembered.

Our world has existed
longer than many of us
fathom, and its history is
important. Without it,
we are lost. Without
the youngest members of
our society learning what
came before them, how
do we ever hope to forge
our new worlds into
something great?

Worlds worthy of
those that came
before them?

- Ritchin Lantanian
November 26, 2004